

THE
ENTERTAINING AMOUR
OF
SYLVANDER and SYLVIA,
K

A FASHIONABLE BUCK,
AND
A DELICATE EDINBURGH BELLE.

86 Scottish Scandal.—The Entertaining Amour
of Sylvander and Sylvia, a Fashionable Buck
and a Delicate Edinburghe Belle, 8vo, half
morocco, 5s *Edinburghe, 1767* IN

TWENTY-FOUR GENUINE LETTERS.

Wrote in the YEAR 1766.

EDINBURGH:

M, DCC, LXVII.

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BY SYLVANUS



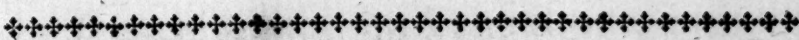
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EDWARD G. H.



T H E
E D I T O R
T O T H E
R E A D E R.



THE PUBLIC has been long amused with numberless voluminous Fictions ; most of them chiefly calculated for the private Emolument of the Authors, or to gratify their Vanity,

nity, and Ambition for Fame. But the Editor has, with difficulty, as a favour, obtained, and here presents to the Reader, a *real* and *concise* Correspondence, carried on from no *pecuniary* or *vain* Motives, but wrote in a free diffusive manner, as the Subject and Adventures required, or Fancy suggested,

It must be acknowledged, that these Letters favour much of Romance ; but it ought to be remember'd, that the writers are *young*, and that allowance must be made to the *romantic* views and fallies of youthful passion.

There

TO THE READER. v

There may be inaccuracies in the style; and, to those unacquainted with the latent circumstances of the story, there may also appear some imperfections with respect to the incident: But, it must be observed, this correspondence was never intended for the nice eye of the Public. BLOODS may *keep it up*; and STOICKS *bear it down*: But if the particulars, already mentioned, are considered, the severe *Critick*, and the more severe *Prude*, need not be lavish of ill-natured Remarks.

SHOULD

SHOULD the perusal of those Epistles inculcate, in any Reader, this truth, That,

Impetuous passions, of the am'rous kind,
Asleep lull Wisdom, and strike Reason blind.

The publication of them will not be altogether destitute of Utility.





The ENTERTAINING AMOUR

O F

SYLVANDER AND SYLVIA.



LETTER I.

10th June 1766*.

DEAR MADAM,

ABSENCE, so far from abating,
kindles into a flame the ten-
der and respectful passion your in-
comparable charms inspired. — A
passion, painfully delighting, cruelly
charming, which consumes while it

B supports

The real Dates of the first and last Letters are given;
the rest are omitted.

supports me, and renders me miserable, at the same time that it bestows the greatest felicity.

WHEN, my Dear Madam, I revolve in my fond mind, the wonderful assemblage of divine perfections in you, how transported am I? But when I reflect upon the distance between us, and the possibility of your being unkind, how cast down? Cursed be my unfavourable stars which hindered my cultivating the opportunity which chance one time gave me, of personally disclosing to you, my ardent passion for an Object so worthy, so inexpressibly more than worthy of it. Could I hope, by a correspondence, to convince

vince you of my sincerity, and dispose you to approve of my passion, Oh how blest would I be! Refuse not, my dearest Fair, my only thought and wish, to accept the heart of one who suffers so much for you.—Refuse not, if you are capable of entertaining the least benevolent sentiment, propitiously to make me compleatly, transcendently, beyond measure happy.—Refuse not this sacrifice to one whose hourly study shall be to render himself deserving of you, by offering incense at your altar,

I OUGHT to apologize for the vehemence of my style: Suffer the ardour of my passion to plead my excuse.

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excuse. I ought to beg pardon for concealing the state of my mind when near you: Alas! I dreaded your frowns, and the resentment which a declaration of it might have drawn upon me. I dreaded, more than any thing, that your heart was pre-engaged,

OH! afford me, now, that balmy consolation in your power to grant, and hurry not to perdition, while it is in your power to save,

My dear Madam,

Your most enslaved

SYLVANDER,

P. S. " Waft to her ear kind gentle breeze,

A hapless Lover's lay ;

And tell her while she lies at ease,

I die,--- I die,--- I die away.

This

This to her gentle bosom bear,
And tell her all my pain,
And if one spark of pity's there ;
O fan,--- O fan,--- O fan it to a flame.*

L E T T E R II.

Edinr. June 1766.

S I R,

I HAD the pleasure of receiving
your kind letter, and return
you sincere thanks for the many
unmerited compliments bestowed on
me by a Gentleman of your fine un-
derstanding. You may assure your-
self, that tender passion you profess
for me, which creates to you both
misery and happiness, shall have a
suitable and grateful reception, if
you approve yourself constant and
deserving.

deserving. As a sincere well founded love is, of all passions which a tender heart is capable of feeling, the most unconquerable, I should think myself the cruelest of my sex not to contribute all in my power to promote your felicity. If you really entertain such tender sentiments for me as you pretend, be not cast down. Distance directs not the passions, so cannot alter the esteem of the truly sincere. I regret your not making me acquainted with the situation of your heart, when in Edinburgh: Had you done it, the result would not have caused despair.

BUT is it possible for me to imagine, that you, who were but once
or

or twice in my company, can have any real esteem for me? No. It is hardly credible. I know there is nothing more common with young men, than to affect a passionate regard, and write long letters on the feigned interesting subject, to the abused object, for no other end but to afford game to themselves. And I do assure you Sir, I will look upon your's in no other light, till you farther convince me of the contrary.

If you favour me with an answer, please put it under cover to Mr — your friend.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

SYLVIA.

LET-

LETTER III.

AM I, then, the happy object of my Sylvia's esteem? — The young, handsome, blooming, agreeable angelic Sylva! Does she deign to smile upon the unfortunate, and favour a miserable mortal with sentiments of love? Does she condescend to offer supreme felicity to the most unworthy of men? Ye Gods! what amazing happiness has she in reserve for me! O teach me to receive in humiliation those blessings she soon may confer. Teach me to humble myself when she wills to exalt me: For then will every faculty, every thought be absorb'd in extatic raptures;

tures ; O my adorable, yielding Enchantress !

PARDON me, my sweetest maid, for indulging a boundless imagination in the most innocent, natural, and delicate pleasures. I am again revived ; but revived, I hope, to die again, again, and again : And who would not live to die by the endearing, cherishing, animating Sylvia.

AH ! how insensible art thou of thy own enslaving, wounding, killing perfections, when you doubt the truth and sincerity of my esteem. Your youth, my Angel, has unspeakable charms ; your beauty is incomprehensible ; and your vivacity

C

and

and wit inexpressible. To see you once, therefore, must be to behold you for ever: But to —— Oh, my pen fails me! I say it would be to enjoy you for ever and ever.

BUT why, my dearest cruel Fair, why do you stain your letter in the end with an insinuation of my insincerity? Why do you abstract from my happiness, by entertaining a thought so injurious? Or do you mean to sport with me, only to gratify your own capricious pleasure? Sooner shall the faded rose appear again in blushing bloom; and the withered lily diffuse odoriferous fragrance, than shall my fix'd determinations fail.

I AVOID troubling you with a recital of the fears and anxieties where-with my mind was sometime clouded: Your kind incomparable letter dispelled them all. Prevent them, I pray you, from assembling again, by writing me as soon as possible: And cease not to love, till I cease to be, (which is impossible,)

My dearest Effence of human happiness,

Your most enraptured

SYLVANDER.

L E T-

LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE taken up my pen, and should not hesitate to address you in a different manner, were you not become too dear to me; but must assure you, from the bottom of that Heart where you tyrannically reign, I neither love, nor approve of your gross flattery. Your last abounds with it, and with obscurities, too, which, with me, for ever will remain obscure. I neither am a proper Object for your violent dying passions, nor does my person or accomplishments merit the extraordinary encomiums dictated by your boundless, wild imagination.

To

To be sincere, however, nothing reasonable and innocent can I refuse to One who is entitled to the first place in my affections: And cruelly will it torment me, if any accident interveens to impede my yielding all the happiness you virtuously desire, and I, with chaste propriety, can give.

It would cause me infinite pleasure to know when you will be in town. Till then our joys can be but partial, and imperfect; for tho' I indulge a tender regard for you at present, and anticipate pleasures which are naturally expected to result from thence; yet it is impossible to conceive a Passion so strong
as

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as the knowledge of our mutual tender inclinations incites me to desire, till the pleasures which must necessarily flow from your presence and conversation, contribute to excite, promote, and confirm it. *Farewell,*

I ever am, my dear Sylvander,

Your affectionate friend

and sincere well-wisher,

SYLVIA.

P. S. " Oh! how shall I in language weak,

My little passion tell ?

Or form my faltering tongue to speak,

That cruel word—Farewell."

L E T-

L E T T E R V.

WHEN I survey, my dear, angelic Fair, your kind indulgent lines, no other object can my mind employ: No pleasing landscapes can at all delight; nor aught but yours then gratify my wondering eyes. Oh! could I next behold the heavenly maid, whose virtuous soul, so placid and so kind, already has conceived those sentiments which terminate in bliss, and are so flattering to my fondest hopes, and delicate desires, what mutual raptures might ensue! The kindling glance, the yielding blush, the inviting accents of your sweet harmonious

monious voice, and preparatory
 fouthing balmy kifs, would to our
 sanguine souls, by sympathy infor-
 med, insure that natural, delightful
 consequence, nor tongue nor pen
 with justice can describe.—Our
 souls, congenial, in glowing trans-
 ports quite immersed; each nerve
 reverberating extasy divine.

MORE tranquil moments would
 succeed, our frames enervate to re-
 vive: And now invigorated, we'd
 die in dear fruition o'er again.

How blest is man, whose fertile
 imagination can anticipate such joys!
 Still happier would I be to know
 your dreams or waking fancies were

love-

love-pregnant as are mine. O would you tell your thoughts, and paint them in the never-fading hue of truth, what happiness to me from thence might swift accrue?

SUCH satisfaction I can scarce expect, — But if you giv't, how strange would be th' effect? —

I'd soon my guardian's cares elude, and fly
To my fond Fair, pay homage with a sigh,
And, when her charms have set my heart on fire,
Then to her bosom---flutter---and expire.

Mean time, my dear, continue you to write,
Your letters always will impart delight.
As when the sun illumines a cheerless day,
So will they, when I'm downcast, make me gay.

D

SYLVANDER.

L E T-

L E T T E R VI.

NO doubt your last, conceived
in the softest strains, conveys
to me the greatest pleasure ; but ah!
alongst with it I suffer the utmost
pain. When cool deliberate reflection
ventures to suggest, that my
Sylvander's keenest passion may
too soon wear off, after my weak
sympathetic heart has been the un-
happy victim to love's cruel con-
queror : Anguish unutterable preys
upon my soul. Too often have I
heard, too often has experience
prov'd, that 'tis not in the power of
roving man by one fair object to
abide : And, to my greatest grief,
fame's

fame's trumpet has informed me,
I'm not the first to whom your in-
sincere addressees have been offered.

O Fickle dear Sylvander! that can-
not fix his passions upon one deser-
ving of them. Must every blooming
face in such a mind as yours, create
a fancy violent as the last? And how
then can I know if your profess'd
esteem for Sylvia is not insincere?
Ah! dearest youth, retract not what
so oft you have declared: Destroy
not those emotions which you've ex-
cited in my soul, else you will plunge
it in a gulph of misery and despair;
but if your passion is sincere, which,
that it may, is to the Gods my
constant

constant prayer, I will attain to happiness's summit.

My dear Sylvander, I must acknowledge that o'er my dreams you nightly rule, and in them innocently sport and toy. Alas!---'tis visionary all. And thro' the day whate'er employs my hands, my mind contemplates you alone. O hasten on the wish'd for time, when shadows shall be realiz'd!

THERE is something almost inexplicable in your last: But I desire not an explanation. I never will more plainly than I have already done, explain my sentiments with regard to you, till I have the happiness to see
you

you in town. Pray write me when to expect that wish'd for period. Till then, I am with the utmost affection,

My dear Sylvander,

Your tender

SYLVIA.

LETTER VII.

SHOULD Sylvander any longer resist the cogent influence of Sylvia's exalted, all powerful, and supernatural charms? No. He will spring into her arms quick as the swiftest of Cupid's darts.

BUT were I to come to Edinburgh, the intrigue, which, for many reasons,
it

it is necessary be at present kept private, might be discovered. My acquaintances would be an intolerable eye-fore. A thousand accidents might conspire to obstruct our happiness. To meet at some little distance from town, would therefore be most favourable for the completion of our mutual wishes. If you'll be so propitious to them, my dearest chief delight, as condescend to come to ———, which you know is only a short space from Edinburgh, on Saturday first, you will see one who will be astonished, amazed, confounded at your inexpressible kindness, and blooming perfections, which will, I hope, afford me the highest satisfaction. Let

five

five o'clock, my Dear, be the hour;
—all will be ready for your recep-
tion.

I BEG you'll inform me, immedi-
ately upon receipt of this, whether
you can come. Let not a false or
affected modesty prevent you. I
cannot, dare not venture into town.

I REMAIN my dearest, charming
Sylvia,

Your impatient

SYLVANDER.

LET-

L E T T E R VIII.

MY DEAR SYLVANDER,

YOUR last kind letter caused my soul to exult in the most joyous transports. Yet, what is to be done? Your wariness requires too much. I seldom go to walk; and to be long absent, what pretence could I make?

PAPA now call'd—informed me that he goes to G. about the time you mention, and bade me, in his absence, be obedient to Mama: Yes, I will be obedient to my Dear Sylvander; and if he goes abroad, Intervention I'll invoke; and should she
lend

lend her cunning aid—Farewel Ma-
ma. From the pinions of an am'rous
dove, I fly to the arms of my dear
Sylvander:

BUT if Papa's malignant Genius-
should forbid his journey, alas! mine
too he will suspend. Uncertainty
just now distracts my soul. You see
on what precarious ground I stand.
If I'm not at the place appointed by
five precisely, O Generous, dearest
Youth, forgive your Sylvia; with
whom "'tis you alone heard, felt, and
seen, who every thought employs,
fills every sense, and pants in every
vein:" In this event you must come
into town. How light should be ac-
quaintances when in the scale with
E me?

me? Despise 'em, and meet your
 Sylvia at the house of Miss ———,
 if you have any desire to see her who
 esteems you above all the Universe.
 O come my dear Sylvander!

IN expectation of seeing you ei-
 ther here or at ———, I remain

Your most impatient

S Y L V I A.

P. S. I must again entreat you to
 come to town, if I get not out to
 ———. Fly to me, my dearest Syl-
 vander, and make one happy whom
 you have made most. I can say
 on more.—Adieu.

L E T.

L E T T E R IX.

WILL you believe it, Madam,
that the very familiar correspondence between us has been founded alone upon a fatal mistake? When enquiring after a young Lady, in whose company I had been once or twice, without knowing her name, my friend had misapprehended the description which I gave of her, imagined you to be the person, and assured me your name was her's.

It gives me the greater pain, Madam, to inform you, that this young Lady inspired me with the
violent

violent passion so fully described in our correspondence, because my feelings tell me it is impossible to transfer the same ardor of passion to you,

I must acknowledge, you are a young Lady of the finest accomplishments, and strictest honour; of which your candid, delicate, and sublime Letters are full evidence. I am convinced you merit a return suitable to the friendship and esteem you have expressed for me; and have the nicest sense of the obligations you have laid me under: But alas! it is only in my power to regret, for your sake, the absolute impossibility of properly discharging them

them. I shall, however, retain, and always preserve as grateful a sense of your tender affection as it merits, and is consistent with my present sentiments, and passionate regard for the charming Fair you have for some time represented. For her my passion is unalterable, altho' she is still an absolute stranger to it, and probably will be so till I return from the Indies, whither, I believe, fortune may lead me in a short time.

You are sufficiently interested in this affair to keep it private: 'Tis unnecessary therefore to enjoin secrecy. I'm sorry your letters are not along with me; but shall do
you

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you the justice to destroy them on my return home. It is improper to entrust them with the carrier, lest they fall into the hands of Fame. You'll oblige me greatly by delivering mine to our friend Mr ——— immediately,

I AM, with the most profound veneration and respect, and with the most exalted ideas of your inexpressible beauty and virtue,

Madam, your most obliged,

Most obedient, most humble,

And most egregiously mistaken,

SYLVANDER.

L E T-

L E T T E R. X.

HEAVENS! What do you mean? With what surprise does your last epistle fill me! The improbable mistake you mention cannot be the real cause of your apostasy. Did you not know my name? To whom, pray, were you introduced in Mr ——'s? And were you not all along conscious it was with her you corresponded? Yes, you must have known it, and your conduct shall in time have a proper return.

I CAN easily figure to myself a reason for your wanton ill-judged intrigue.

trigue. 'Tis sport and rude derision all. Your sex is known to ours to be capable of the most infernal deceit: Thank God, you have discovered yourself at a juncture the most critical.

BUT will you dare hereafter to call yourself a Gentleman? A Gentleman ought never to deviate from those well known principles of Honour and Integrity which alone constitute that character. Had you been ambitious to preserve the distinguishing epithet, you would have waited of me at ———'s, to whose kindness and hospitality I was much indebted, and affected at least to apologize for the mistake you now feign.

feign. You seem to have joined to your depravity the practice of Ingratitude! Your decoying me from home, and allowing me to go to a public inn, and inquire at strangers about one they were totally ignorant of, * was an ungentle, ungenerous return for the affection expressed for you in my letters, and the proof given of it in going out to meet you. The only atonement I presently desire you to make, is to return my letters by the carrier next week.

F

I OBSERVE

* She had unfortunately set off a few minutes before Sylvander's last letter could have come to her hand.

I OBSERVE you are in town, but have no longer any inclination to see you: You have rendered yourself altogether unworthy of my regard. I hope you'll be more certain of the Lady's name you next address, lest your passion meets not with such a favourable return,

And ever am,

Dear S I R,

Your Friend and Well-wisher,

SYLVIA.

L E T.

L E T T E R X I.

MY CONSTANT SYLVIA,

YOU may believe, that, when sitting in the dreary shade of disappointed love, wildly agitated by tormenting mad despair, your last inestimable letter instantly aroused me to a fairer scene and happier state.

SYMPATHY and Benignity to the unhappy are heavenly principles, which always alleviate the most bitter misfortunes, even tho' administered in rustick dress. But when to their native worth, is added the engaging

gaging garb of delicacy and refined sensation, how powerful is their charms! Blessed be the humane, benign, and tender Sylvia, whose merciful, consolatory, kind epistles so often opportunely came to sooth and cheer my much perplexed fatigued spirits. Epistles, which for their elegance and purity of style, can be excelled by nothing but the sublimity of the Genius which dictated them, Epistles which, for their peculiar turn of nice alluring sentiment, are worthy of an Helen's pen. Epistles, in short, which exceed all epistles as far as the super-excellent Sylvia surpasses the whole female world. She it is alone, who, possessing every virtue, is a stranger even

even to the nature of vice. She alone it is, whose form divinely fair as regular and compleat, is free of every imperfection incident to man, except her being mortal. And she it is who alone deserves to be heard, felt, and seen—to be inebriate in joys which every thought possesses, fill every wish, and glow in every vein.

I MUST acknowledge the modest virtuous Nymph who had so long transposed my mind, is but the one half glorious as you. I ne'er had courage once to hope, my passion's feebler beams might venture, with the bright resplendence of your brilliant

liant and superior charms to im-
mix, and blend,

AND do you still vouchsafe to call
yourself my Friend and Well-wisher?
Friend! How kindly ominous is the
name? and Well-wisher! O could
I learn how far your wishes now ex-
tend, what grateful recompence
would I not return! Grant me, kind
Sylvia, but an answer to this one
bold wish, and write it in the can-
did, undistinguished language of an
honest heart, which, to a Friend,
pours out in freedom every wish,
and every thought, and you shall
shortly hear more fully from,

My adorable Sylvia,

Your still faithful

SYLVANDER.

L E T-

L E T T E R XII.

DEAR SIR,

TH E power of your refined eloquence obliges me to acknowledge you the most accomplished young Gentleman I have ever heard or read of. But the shining surface of your gilt decoy is so very thin, that my eyes, weak as you think them, can easily perceive the concealed design.

You pretended to have mistaken me for another, and protested you could not transfer your passion for her to me; and now you represent your fickle, impotent mind, to have
always

always entertained higher notions of your Sylvia's worth than her's; a contradiction which detects the lurking plot.

THE most favourable construction I can admit for your writing me again, is to suppose, what is pretty obvious from the beginning of your letter, that you have received a wretched rebuff from the Lady of whom you were so violently enamour'd, and now attempt flying to me for solace. Tho' I pity your hapless state, yet I am not blind to your improper behaviour, which by me shall never be approved.

PRAY,

PRAY, Sir, What mean you by this intrigue? Have you not already push'd it too far? Why am I destin'd as the mere dupe of your wanton mirth, and, perhaps, of your companions also? Sylvander! are you a Gentleman?

AFTER all, I really incline to believe that you are innocent, and that this correspondence is now carried on by Mr —, your confident, in your name; which calls to my mind a similar one between Philander and Sylvia, who corresponded with him a long time 'ere she knew to whom she wrote. This, I am afraid, is my present case; but a little time will convince.

G

You

You want to know how far my wishes now extend; but that satisfaction you never will attain to, till I have the pleasure of seeing you while in Edinburgh. So, if you still desire that I should pour out with freedom every wish, and every thought, you will meet with me on Saturday first at Miss——'s, about six o'clock afternoon, and then with an open heart I shall tell you all my mind.

If you agree to this, let me know by a line, to the care of Miss——, for I suspect your confidence: If not, I request you'll never put pen to paper for me more, after letting me know.

I EVER

I EVER am, with a tenderneſs in-
expreſſible,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate Friend,

SYLVIA.

L E T T E R XIII.

MY GENEROUS AND CONSTANT
SYLVIA,

WAS ever man ſo ſported with,
by cruel fate, as your Syl-
vander? The ærial dæmons have
conſpired to blaſt his hopes and diſ-
appoint his bliſs. The elements
themſelves have joined the league :
Seas, winds, and meteors, moſt tre-
menduous—Jove's awful thunders,
have

have hurl'd him at once to this vast distance from the gay, delightful haven, where his impatient wishes led him to believe he early would have dropt his sanguine anchor.

WHY am I baffled thus, when such a heavenly maid has destined for me such inestimable joys?—Joys which, in value, far surpass the treasures of the Indies. Alas! 'tis not for me, a narrow sighted mortal, to complain at the decrees of fate. Perhaps this sad disastrous ill, has been designed to whet, and render yet more keen our softest, eagerest desires.—But I forget to tell my kindest Sylvia, what mighty unexpected accident cruelly interveen'd

to

to hinder her precious favours from
being in luxuriance dispens'd.

No sooner was my Last dispatch-
ed, than I, to sooth a growing me-
lancholly, rais'd by my brooding
doubts, engag'd a boat at Leith to
take the noon-tide air. The sea
was calm: The sky serene: Aurora
gilt the landskip in our view. A
finer scene, except my Sylvia, Syl-
vander ne'er beheld. We launch'd
into the deep: The waters bubbled
by the boat: The mariners whistled
for the winds: The adjacent lands
melodiously resounded the glangor-
ing din of life. I sat near by the
helm, my eyes intent upon the fairest
spot of the vast globe, my Sylvia be-
ing

ing there. My mind contemplated but my dearest Sylvia, and oft revolv'd the circle of her charms : When lo! the dark'ning hemisphere portends the mighty ills which in the end we felt. The clouded sky soon turn'd the day to night. The Winds, in dreadful gusts, and ponderous Rains, seem'd bent to level earth, and deluge it again. The Seas, with horrid roarings, you'd think complain'd, that, when at rest, they should thus be disturb'd ; but, weaker than the opposing elements, were forced to comply, to roll in bodies greater than the hugest mountains ; and threat immediate wrath and dire destruction unto all. Sometimes, — I tremble yet to think,
the

the rudder of our boat with violence struck the bottom of the dreary deep; while light'ning and the dreadful roar of loudest thunders seem'd ushering us to hell. At times we appeared above the seas to fly,—but heav'n, alas! was yet far distant from the sky. In this sad state the skill of mariners but little us avail'd. Dispair fill'd every breast.—Death stood before the eyes of every one but mine. My worthy Sylvia still my mind sustain'd: Hope to possess her banish'd every fear. I Her evok'd.—And, doubtless, 'twas her guardian genius which, to the gods, applied for succour and protection. The extensive circuit of the Highland-seas we ran, and in the end
were

were safely wreck'd upon the steep declivity of Elsea rock.

JUDGE now, my Sylvia, what I've suffered and endured. Upon the sea I never shall set foot again. But if you still refuse to let me know the utmost of your thoughts and genuine desires, I soon shall visit, by another way, the hoary grizly Rhadamanthus, who can have intercourse with none but spirits disengag'd from earth. My sentiments I've formerly express'd: they are still the same, and cannot change.

You only trifle with the truest passion ever man possess'd, to talk of intrigues carried on by Mr——. He is
the

the kindest friend with which heaven yet has blest me. Oh! were my Sylvia as sincere, how happy would she make Sylvander!

It will be, for some time, out of my power to get to Edinburgh again. Shorten the tedious hours, therefore, my adorable Sylvia, with another epistle as soon as possible, and inform me if I still have place in your affections. Freely impart your mind, and torment no longer, if you mean at all to save,

My Dear Sylvia,

Your most unfortunate,

and dying

SYLVANDER.

H

LET-

L E T T E R XIV.

O MY DEAR SYLVANDER,

W H A T pleasure can you receive by thus tormenting me? Is it because I have always prov'd too kind, that thus you blast my hopes, and disappoint my blifs? How am I to imagine that your profess'd regard for me is sincere, when your actions, so far from corresponding with your words, are the very reverse?

T H E R E is something too mysterious in your behaviour for me, without inspiration, to divine. Your
late

late voyage must have been premeditated. The storm you paint must only have existed in your frantic brain. How then can you account for departing from Edinburgh without seeing me, or making any appointment. The other young Lady has certainly engrossed those precious hours you passed in Edinburgh, which ought to have been devoted to your kinder Sylvia. Did you not say in one of your letters, that your passion for that young Lady was unalterable? I submit it to yourself, who professedly has been wounded by the golden darts of a blind boy, that it is as impossible for one Heart to be caught in the silken nets of two Nymphs, at the
same

same time, as it is to turn the day into night, or the night into day. You either sport with me to afford mirth, or are ashamed of what you do.

My former letters contain the dictates of an upright and tender heart; -- and yet shall the adorable Sylvander for ever remain a Sceptic? Is the science of love so intricate that he cannot there discover what place he holds in my affection? But, if you still want more convincing proofs of my regard, come again to Edinburgh, and meet with your Sylvia, who in transports will receive you.

MUST

MUST cruel uncertainty for ever
prey upon my soul ! Why need your
actions always contradict your
words ? Ah ! Dear Sylvander, tell
me which I'm to believe : Be once
sincere, and show me what is happi-
ness ;—or rob my tender soul of all
its bliss, and plunge it into misery.
The last, your absence almost has
effectuated ; while you, in jocund
frolics, wanton life away, without
one thought, one care, or hope or
fear. How can I therefore hope you
love ? O Heavens ! it cannot be.
Yet if I may give faith to your en-
dearing lines, sure Sylvia will have
all that earth can give, or soul in
earth desire. Yet I will credit him.—
Avaunt ye carking doubts ! Sylvan-
der's

der's honour and veracity make him mine. O! how I've wrong'd you then, divinest of your sex!

PARDON, my Sylvander, the frailties of a Maid who from herself is absent, who to distraction loves, who is—what she cannot explain. Oh, let it not be long till your dear presence restores to me tranquil ease. It is that alone which can make happy her who is at present wretched.

CRUEL Fates! Why present to my wishful eyes my dear Sylvander at an inconsiderable distance, and then carry him off while hope was quick within me; when vig'rous transport soon had sparkled in my eyes,
and

and my soul glow'd with the most
pleasing expectations? Haste, gentle
youth, swift to my arms, and let
not the fervour of my joy abate, till
in them I have nothing left to wish.

FAREWELL, my dear Sylvander,
and be thou mine as I am thine, in
the most passionate and tender man-
ner,

SYLVIA.

L E T-

LETTER XV.

OMY INESTIMABLE, BENEVOLENT,
SUPERNATURAL SYLVIA !

L ANGUAGE is too barren, too in-
expresfive, to communicate the
most extraordinary ideas I have con-
ceived of your worth. To essay it
would be as foolish as to attempt
what you mention, turning the day
into night ;---a thing which thought
may figure, but mortals cannot per-
form. Weak man ! whose powers
of speech are so much circumscri-
bed ! But be assured, my tender
Sylvia, that the more acute faculties
of the mind, shall always do you ju-
stice

stice in the estimation of your amazing value:

WHAT tender sympathy, and superabundant benevolence does my gentle Sylvia entertain for her Sylvander! And how undeserving am I of those exquisite sensations, in her power to communicate to the most delicate susceptibility! Have I merited by my deportment to her, such refined pleasures? No. Or, tho' I had, could the greatest exertion of my selfish passions cause me to insinuate that I was intitled to such benign bounty? No.

I

LONG

66 *The* ENTERTAINING AMOUR

LONG have I languish'd by the scorching fire
 Of yet unfatiate, ardent, fierce desire:
 Ev'n as the fragrant, blooming, tender flower
 Consumes a-pace for the refreshing shower.
 But Sylvia, more than mortal, bids me rise,
 While vig'rous transport sparkles in her eyes,
 While her soft soul with pleasing passion glows,
 And tender heart with ardent joy o'erflows,
 And to her arms—till wishes none remain.
 Thus am I rais'd to life and bliss again,
 As faded plants are call'd to live anew;
 When humid clouds descend in bounteous dew.
 Yes,—to my Sylvia's treasures will I spring,
 And, in her arms, of Cupid's bow unbend
 the string.

CURSE on the ill-timed tale! Oh
 Sylvia! I have this moment heard—
 Perdition seize the knave who told
 it, if he meant to lie.—I say, I've
 heard, that some more lucky swain,
 in your affections stands preferred

to me. Can this be truth, my
Sylvia?

'TILL your next letter brings my
doubtful, kind or dire decree, I am,
My wish'd for constant Sylvia,
Your most impatient,
And most wretched

SYLVANDER.

L E T T E R XVI.

O MY GENEROUS AND FAITHFUL,
YET ABUSED SYLVANDER,

THE Gods, who do pervade the
most remote recesses of my
soul, bear witness whose dear image
stands

stands imprinted there. Could I but
ope it to your view, you'd see its
tender frame impress'd all o'er with
my Sylvander. Yes, there he lives,
in characters indelible, which death
itself, in all its terrors, never will
destroy. But yet he doubts, and
weakly lends his ear to Iris, cursed
fower of Discord. Ah doubting, dif-
fident Sylvander! Why doubt my
love? Why tax my honour with so
vile a crime, as permitting myself
to be address'd by two young Swains
at once. If you knew the upright-
ness of my heart, and strictness of
my honour, an injurious suspicion
of this sort could not have access to
your mind. I have never deceived
Sylvander

Sylvander---But yet, alas! Sylvander is deceived by Falsehood,

WERE you aware, my amiable tyrant, of the uncontrollable influence of your own unequalled charms, it would be a miracle to call the truth of my entire esteem for you, alone, in question. Sylvander's superior Virtues appear in all his actions.—His splendid Graces dazzle every eye. Wonder not then that these irresistibly attractive Powers have captivated your tender Sylvia's heart. My only merit is, that, with a nice discerning eye, I have ever distinguish'd him as possessed in an eminent degree, above all others, of every noble quality and accomplishment

ment of man. By constantly contemplating these, society delights no more. No sportive gaieties dare intrude. Even tender friendships with my sex are now effaced; or if from aught joy's shadow wakes me by surprize, I feel Sylvander, by comparison, was the cause.

AH! do not then obliterate this flame.—But I defy thee—'twill ay be the same. Thy charms can never alter—Nor the fire they've kindled in thy Sylvia's breast expire.

I am, my dear Sylvander,
Your most passionate

SYLVIA,

LET.

L E T T E R XVII.

O SYLVIA! were you as faithful and chaste, as generous and kind, how happy would you make me! Your last is sufficiently convincing of a Passion for Sylvander; but at the same time, it confirms my suspicion, that you have not in reserve that inestimable Gem, which on one alone, and but for once, you can bestow. O Heav'ns! it can avail me nothing, altho' I am preferred in your esteem to every other mortal, if you cannot present before me that pure untainted sacrifice, which first is poured forth at Venus' shrine. You neither pretend to be possessed of it, nor attempt to vindicate yourself

self from the scandalous aspersions thrown upon you. Must I not therefore believe all that I have heard?

FORGIVE, O generous Sylvia! the effects of cruel jealousy, which soon may throw me into despair. But to remove, or yet confirm it, inform me whether Fame has honestly reported truth, or propagated a cursed falsehood. On this depends my future bliss: On that---O hard to name!—Eternal misery. Free me, I pray you, from the tormenting uncertainty which distracts my soul.

You will observe the present letter to be wrote by another hand. I was obliged to entrust a faithful friend:

friend ; the violent emotions raised in my agitated mind, having disabled me from writing. From this you may judge of my hapless condition : But if your next does not reverse it, I shall endeavour, if possible, to survive my misfortune, and hate womankind on your account. Farewel, then, for ever, if you are what Fame proclaims you. But if you are still virtuous, You shall continue to be my most amiable animating Sylvia :

And I will ever kind and grateful
prove,

As you prove true and constant
in your love,

SYLVANDER.

K

L E T.

L E T T E R XVIII.

MAY the furies lash the consciences of both you, and the knave who invented such a false malicious tale, as a just punishment for your crime. Good God! How dare you entertain one thought, how dare you arrogantly express one word, so hellishly injurious to my Innocence? Do you imagine, Sir, I'm such as those infernal fiends report me? No, by heaven! And you, to whom I've ever been too kind, and them, I will convince, by means of which you little think, that Sylvia's character, established on a rock, too firm to be o'erthrown by noisy whirlwind, none dare impeach,

peach, or secretly attack it with impunity.

You seem to threaten ruin to my spotless fame.—But I defy the world to say that Sylvia is unchaste. And, by the ruler of the universe, I'll be avenged. I shew'd your curs'd epistle to a friend, who knows your family as well as mine: He pledg'd his honour, that he'll call you to account, if Britain's wide domains contain you. Nought but my counter-orders will prevent him; and nothing will assuage my wrath unless you give your author's name. A few days shall be allowed you for this purpose. If you do not comply, blame not Sylvia for the consequence.

Your

L E T T E R XVIII.

MAY the furies lash the consciences of both you, and the knave who invented such a false malicious tale, as a just punishment for your crime. Good God! How dare you entertain one thought, how dare you arrogantly express one word, so hellishly injurious to my Innocence? Do you imagine, Sir, I'm such as those infernal fiends report me? No, by heaven! And you, to whom I've ever been too kind, and them, I will convince, by means of which you little think, that Sylvia's character, established on a rock, too firm to be o'erthrown by noisy whirlwind, none dare impeach,

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Your

76 *The* ENTERTAINING AMOUR

Your family is now no secret to me:
By me they shall be made acquainted
with this whole Affair. What
mean you by this conduct? Oh Syl-
vander!

I am, Sir,

Your much injured

SYLVIA.

L E T T E R XIX.

O MY DELIGHTFUL AND SPRIGHT-
LY SYLVIA, MY BOLD AND MOST
ENTERPRIZING AMAZON!

I N your last, you have effused the
sentiments of a virtuous inju-
red Fair, ready to vindicate her
character when unjustly attack'd.
There you discover the revenge na-
tural

tural to an innocent spirited mind, against those who wantonly abuse and asperse:—And there you vow to prosecute, with alacrity, every brave and laudable measure in human power for detecting and correcting them. I admire such noble sallies of an honest soul ; and will ever approve of every effort made to justify it. Nay, whenever it is in my power, be the motive what it will, whether a mere regard to the sacred rights of Innocence, or attention to my own interest, I will espouse the cause of the injured and oppressed.

'Tis altogether unnecessary now to give you the name of my author. He has already felt how dangerous
it

it is to trample upon rattle-snakes. I made him feel the weight of our united displeasure. The miscreant had the imprudence, over a glass, to make several insinuations hurtful to your honour; and the misfortune, when called upon to explain himself, to fail in supporting them. I challenged him, therefore, to maintain his honour, since I could not help calling his veracity in question. He was unwilling to forfeit the character of a Gentleman.—We drew, and, being pretty equally matched, the combat long continued doubtful: Justice at length lent me her sword—I ran him through the right shoulder; and obliged him to declare you pure and unspotted. However,

ever, he had the vanity to say, which by the by was no small compliment, that none but a hero, animated by your illustrious virtues, and incomparable graces, could ever have overcome him. Sylvander fortunately escaped the sword of his antagonist, and still lives for his incomparable Sylvia; sorry that the groundless aspersions of her sacred character, which had formerly reached his ear, caused in him such perplexity and despair, that he could not help precipitately putting her virtue to the test by his last epistle, which she answered with so much spirit and becoming pride.

THUS

THUS you may conceive, my dearest Sylvia! how much my happiness is dependent on you, and how far I interest myself in your behalf. While you continue to possess the invaluable, tho' delicate, flower of virtuous unspotted innocence, you shall always find a champion-guardian and protector.

BUT I cannot omit chiding you for several loose passionate expressions in your last, no way suitable to a female character. I hope, for the honour of your sex, you'll always guard against the gratification of wrathful passions in such a free manner.

Now,

Now, my Charmer! tell me whether you are satisfied with my conduct, and whether you would venture as far for your Sylvander? Tell me if he dares yet aspire to the treasures you have so carefully preserved unviolated, for nothing else will ever satisfy,

Your dying

SYLVANDER.

P. S. I beg you will write to me by first post, as this unlucky, tho', at the same time, fortunate rencounter, obliges me to leave Scotland for some time. I believe I shall only go to London. Farewel.

L E T-

L

L E T T E R XX.

INDEED, Sir, your last gives me only a partial satisfaction. Your conduct in punishing the thoughtless wanton enemy of my character I approve; but, for concealing his name, I condemn you. No ample reparation can be given for injuring one's good Name: No adequate recompence can possibly be made: 'Tis like, — I blush to say it, — 'tis like the precious Flower you have so long contended for, which if once despoiled, can never flourish more.

BE not surpris'd, I still insist to know my enemy's name. He cannot be your friend — and why would you protect him? No arguments shall
move

move me to desist. I'm determined to find him out. He's almost known to me already, — your letter leads me to conjecture who he is. My friends will not permit me otherwise to act. My own feelings would upbraid my weakness if I did.

You close your letter with demands I cannot answer. No more expect my letters in the tender strain they have formerly been wrote you. You have now forfeited all future pretensions to my esteem, and cannot accuse me of injustice, if you are for ever excluded from the possession of my heart.

I AM

I AM not however implacable: By proper and sincere atonements, you may still appease me, and I should be glad that you took an early opportunity to make them.

I AM unable to write more, and uncertain if you can read this. Health has been a stranger to me, since your cruel aspersive letter came into my hand. And it is impossible that I should be well, till your presence contributes to make happy,

My Dear Sylvander,

Your affectionate

SYLVIA.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXI.

Edinburgh, 13th November 1766.

GIVE me an opportunity now, I beseech you, my adorable Sylvia! to throw myself into your arms, and to convince you there of the ardour and integrity of that heart which has been so long your devotee. Suffer me not to be consumed with desire, but immediately appoint a place and time for meeting, to make supremely happy,

Your hitherto unfortunate

SYLVANDER.

Before

Before Sylvia received the foregoing letter, she had discovered Sylvander from her window, and immediately wrote to Mr ———, his confident, thus:

L E T T E R XXII.

Edinburgh, 13th November 1766.

S I R,

I SEE your friend Sylvander is in town. As you are no stranger to our correspondence, I beg you'll tender to him my best compliments, and sincerest good wishes. The following lines are wrote with a view to your reading them in the most
 emphatic

emphatic manner, which I request
you'll do, to oblige, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

SYLVIA.

AN Sir! tho' flatter'd once, and lov'd,

I'm now forgot by thee;

Where, pray, are all those pleasing tales

With which you charmed me?

Falſe youth! thy vows were as a gale

O'erpow'ring feeble weeds:

T' enſnare thy tender Sylvia thus,

All treachery exceeds.

I credited thy liberal praiſe,

As dictated by love:

I wiſh'd, and ever thought thee juſt;

But, Heav'ns! ſtill falſe thou'lt prove.

Sylvander but a few ſteps off,

And yet to be unkind!

But go, Deceiver—henceforth court

Thy fickle friend the Wind.

On receiving Sylvander's letter, she again wrote.

L E T T E R XXIII.

Edinburgh, 13th November 1766.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your's, and rejoice to think of our approaching interview. I will not now detain you, but must leave the time and place of meeting to yourself, as I know not whom to trust; and it would be disagreeable to us both, were it witnessed by the censorious and severe.

I IMPATIENTLY wait the command, to throw into my Sylvander's arms,

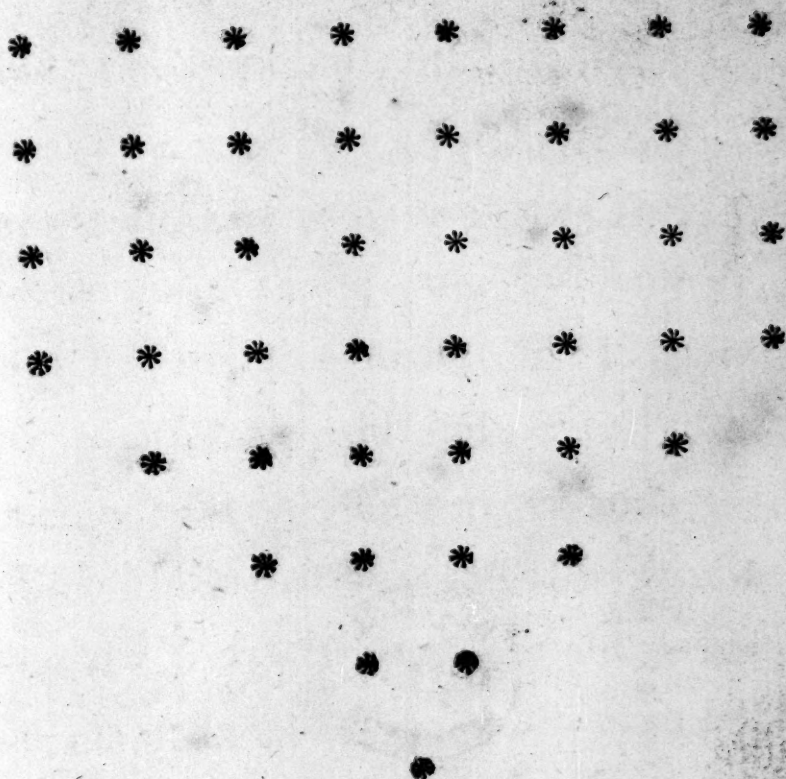
His almost happy

SYLVIA.

L E T-



LETTER XXIV.



FINIS.